

# DAILY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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## LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Why bury all endearment in our hearts,  
And never know the joy of love confessed?  
He feels the heavy bliss that it imparts  
Who loves, caresses, is loved and caressed.

Why keep our kisses for the death-cold face,  
To give them all with unavailing tears?  
Why not bestow them while they may be used  
A line of care and brighten weary years?

The dumb, cold clay will no spirit thrill,  
Nor touch of living lips, nor last embrace;  
Endearing words ne'er reach the heart so still  
When we shall mourn above its resting place.

O friends, I pray, ye who are friends indeed,  
Keep not your kisses for a frozen face;  
The low, sweet word, the fond caress I need,  
While toiling in life's weary-weighted race.

My marble lips can make no warm return,  
Nor eyes, nor words can utter love's delight;  
I will not need, nor will my spirit yearn  
For love's exchange, when I am still and white.

—Lu B. Cole, in Current.

## BUTTONS.

Insignia of Rank Which Is of Consequence in China.

Great Men in Countries Measured by Brass Buttons—The Hachem's and Married Man's Buttons—A Fortune by a Rich Manufacturer.

When a man says "I don't care a button," he means to convey the idea that the subject under consideration is of no value and he is entirely indifferent to it, but if he lived in China he would not use that figure of speech. There a button is of some importance, for there a man is known by the button he wears. Show a Chinaman a man's button and he will tell you what he is. For buttons he will work, and intrigue, and fight, ambitious to be translated from white to red, and from red to blue, while for the yellow button—the imperial yellow, which makes a man brother to the sun and uncle to the moon—what will he not do for that? Everything, anything. In China public servants are divided into nine ranks, each of which has two classes, thus forming eighteen classes of officials. They are distinguished by the peculiarities in form and substance of the buttons they wear, which range from precious stones down through various grades of value to bits of glass.

Nor are buttons so indifferent to us as the common saying might imply. Have fair readers ever seen a West Point cadet return home arrayed in blue and brass to bask in the smiles of a fond mother and admiring sisters? Have they noticed the enthusiasm his buttons awaken? Nothing could induce that youth to part with his buttons, except to gain the buttons of a Lieutenant. The Lieutenant aspires to the Captain's, and the Captain to the Major's, and so on up through all the army grades, until at last there are no more buttons to conquer. So in the navy, from naval cadet to Admiral, button worship goes on, and we have but little to boast ourselves over the Celestial children of the almond eyes and slanting brow. There was, indeed, our great General, who has been laid to rest amid the tears of the Nation, who did not seem to have the button mania and never looked very bright or glowing in the eyes of his fellow soldiers; but there were numerous others, who, surrounded by gorgeous escorts, shone brightly in tinsel, and not infrequently looked like a brass foundry with the front door open. It is no reproach to them. Some of the world's bravest men had this pardonable vanity. Murat shone resplendent when he headed a cavalry charge. Scott, at Lund's Lane, and in all his battles, was arrayed in full-dress uniform. Nelson, at Trafalgar, had on all his buttons and badges. Doubtless they felt better and they fought better, and the world may smile a little, yet honors them none the less. A blue coat with brass buttons was part of the habitual costume of Daniel Webster. It seemed as if it would be unconstitutional for him to wear anything else, and he stuck to brass and blue, and buff waistcoat to the end of his life. The members of the famous Pickwick Club wore a brass button on their coats, bearing the initials P. C.—peculiar coat, as Mr. Jingle translated it—and it was that button that nearly involved Mr. Winkle in a duel. So, in fiction, in politics, in war, and in history, the button holds a prominent, if not a foremost place, and the man who uses the phrase "I don't care a button" doesn't know what he is talking about. He would care, if he would only think for a moment on what the button has done for the world. If the loss of a single suspender button will make a man feel mean and uncomfortable all day, what would the loss of all his buttons entail upon him? It is the button that marks the difference between the ancient and the modern styles of dress, between the old and the new civilizations. Take away buttons and you take away steamboats, telegraphs, railroads, the newspapers, and all the wonderful appliances that make life pleasant in the nineteenth century. Buttons had to be first invented, and were the forerunners of all these, for until one could button his clothes snugly about him he could not work at these great problems. Think of him trying to do anything that is handy. It can't be done, and when a man's mind is necessarily occupied with trying to hold his clothes on, it can not be occupied with much else.

The evolution of clothes fastenings was something like this: Thorns, fish bones, strings, metal clasps, pins and buttons, and the buttons did not come until about the time Columbus discovered America. But buttons alone were not quite sufficient, and it took our good ancestors two centuries longer to invent the button-hole. That is to say, buttons were first used entirely for ornament, and it was not until the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign that the great convenience of buttoning one's clothes, instead of pinning them or fastening them with clasps, was discovered.

The ornamental purpose of the button is still in vogue in ladies' costumes and in men's survives in those two helpless buttons on the back of their coats. Some dreaming enthusiasts have calculated that if we would only forego the use of those two buttons the amount saved in a few years would pay the national debt, or would found a charitable institution that would provide for everybody, substantially banishing poverty from the earth. But fashion demands that we should retain them, and so the national debt must take care of itself and the millennium still delay its coming. Last came the self-fastening button, very recent, as we all know, a boon to bachelors and lone, lone widowers. Time was when a wife was an indispensable necessity to every gentleman for his buttons' sake. Sturdy and self-fasteners have changed all that, and now a man need not marry unless he wants to. Indeed, a marrying man may be known by the buttons he wears. If he wears studs and self-fasteners he is hopelessly independent. If he still clings to pearl buttons and the art of sewing he is sure to marry on the first opportunity.

Buttons are made of almost every material and in every color. There is scarcely an article can be named, leaving out fats and such things, that can not be turned into buttons and after which the public does not run with frantic eagerness. It has infinite variations, and its fashions tread upon each other in swift succession and crowd the wearer. Their manufacture is enormous, our largest factories being at Newark, N. J., Waterbury, Conn., and Springfield and East Hampton, Mass. We import from Germany, France and England buttons to the value of three million dollars yearly.

The first manufacturer of buttons in the United States was Samuel Williston, of East Hampton, Mass. His father, grandfather and great grandfather had been ministers in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and he intended to be one, but while studying for that profession his eyes gave out and he nearly lost their use. He gave up the ministry, became a country storekeeper and married. His wife to help keep the wolf from the door commenced to cover by hand the wooden buttons of the time, which met with quite a ready sale in the store. Behold how large a matter a little button maketh. The salability of the article led to a study of the subject and to the consideration of machinery as an aid to the business, for your true Yankee will never do by hand what he can get a machine to do. One invention led to another, and to the establishment of a factory, constantly enlarging, in which was made more than half the buttons used in the United States. Samuel Williston made a large fortune in the button business, and lived a long and useful life, dying in 1874, at the age of seventy-nine. During his life he founded the Williston Seminary, at East Hampton, endowed two professorships in Amherst College, built a church, which was twice burned down and rebuilt by him, giving during his life and bequeathing at his death to these and other charities, more than one million five hundred thousand dollars. That is what buttons did. Could anything better be said about them? Observe, too, it was the wife whose industry selected the object which made the fortune. If Mr. Williston had remained a bachelor and depended on self-fasteners or studs, he would never have been able to give a million and a half dollars in charity. The moral lies on the surface.—Chicago Herald.

## A Genuine Character.

A real "Daughter of the Regiment" is said to live at St. Petersburg, whose fate shows that the Russian soldiers are not all as stony-hearted as they are sometimes painted. In 1877 a Russian regiment, after a hard struggle, took and invaded the Turkish town Hermany. The inhabitants had mostly fled, but one of the Russian soldiers, in searching for booty, came upon a beautiful young girl about five years old, who looked at the soldier with tears in her large black eyes. The soldier pitied the child, took it along and showed it to the officers, who soon raised a subscription of five thousand rubles, and sent the child to St. Petersburg to a school for young girls. She is now a charming Oriental beauty of thirteen, and it is surmised that out of gratitude she will marry one of the officers who provided for her. Recently, at a special festive occasion, she sent a telegram: "I congratulate my dear uncles heartily."—N. Y. Post.

An old lady attending camp-meeting at Old Orchard, the other day, said: "I don't call 'em camp-meetings at all now. We used to chop down trees to sit on and worship God right in the brush, hanging our kettles on a beam across two crooked sticks and sleeping on a pile of boughs in a tent. Folks pay so much attention to comfort nowadays that they can't give but a little to religion."—Boston Post.

## PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—David Gamble, of Emmittsburg, Md., has slept in a coffin for forty years and died in it the other night.—Baltimore Sun.

—The first prize for violin playing at the Vienna Conservatorium this year has been awarded to a lad of ten years, Friedrich Kreisler.

—Prof. Huxley's idea of a well-proportioned man is one weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds, three pounds of which are brains.

—William Glynn Charles Gladstone is the full name of the heir of Hawarden, the ex-Premier's grandson, christened in London a few days ago.

—A collector of the curious announces that Mary continues the favorite name for girls Anna comes second, Elizabeth is third, Laura is fourth.—N. Y. Sun.

—A colored woman only thirty-seven inches high, though twenty-seven years old, lives on a Florida plantation. She claims never to have been sick.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Rev. William Patterson celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Poundridge, Mass., the other day. He became pastor of the Church July 7, 1835.

—Victor Hugo, who survived to such an old age, was, when born, such a tiny, frail and grotesquely hideous bit of humanity that the doctors declared he could not possibly live to grow up.

—Miss Ella F. Kidd, of Keene, Ky., has completed a crazy quilt which contains one hundred thousand pieces and nine hundred and forty-eight thousand six hundred and eighty-eight stitches.

—The most valuable wedding present which the Princess Beatrice received was a magnificent tea and coffee service of solid gold, each piece being richly chased, which was sent by the ex-Empress Eugenie.

—Two New England pastors exchanged pulpits, and one delivered a sermon which the congregation had within a month heard from the mouth of the other. The Baptist Weekly vouchers for this story, and would like to know the real author of the discourse.

—Eliza McCarthy, who has been an inmate of the insane department of the Baltimore Almshouse for thirty years, died at Bayview recently. The poor creature never had anything to say except to repeat the words "doll babies" and "Fourth of July."—Baltimore American.

—In answer to an advertisement for a first-class clerk in the Chambers of Justice Pearson, in London, rendered vacant by death, over five hundred applications have been sent in, among the candidates being both barristers and solicitors. The salary of this appointment commences at five hundred pounds a year and rises to six hundred pounds.

## "A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—"Globe trotters" is one of the terms for the tourists who take the beaten track round the world.—Boston Budget.

—A cyclone resembles a woman, because when it makes its mind to go somewhere all earth can't stop it.—Ou City Derrick.

—"Pa, what do they always have a handkerchief over Justice's eyes for?" "Because, my son, the lawyers have talked her blind."—The Judge.

—Old gentleman—"Ah! Mrs. B. did you keep a diary during your visit to the country?" "Mrs. B. (indignantly) "No, sir, I didn't. The family bought milk from the neighbors!"—Norristown Herald.

—It has been decided that a naval cadet who throws kisses at a girl is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct. Quite right. He should carry them to her and place them gently on her lips.—Philadelphia Call.

—Jones (at the circus) "Hello, Smith, you here?" Smith: "Yes, I had to come to take care of my little boy." Jones: "Where is the boy?" Smith: "He was taken sick at the last moment and couldn't come."—Auburnian.

—He slipped in quietly at the door, but catching sight of an inquiring face over the stair-rail, said: "Sorry so late, my dear; couldn't get a car before." "So the cars were full, too," said the lady, and further remarks were unnecessary.—Georgia Major.

—Said an exasperated Texas father at the dinner-table: "You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy I was glad to get enough dry bread to eat." "I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now you are living with us, ain't you?" remarked little Tommy.—Texas Siftings.

—"Now, you young scamp," said Binks senior, as he led his youngest out into the wood shed and prepared to give him a dressing down, "I'll teach you what is what." "No, pa," replied the incorrigible, "you'll teach me which is switch." And then the old man's hand fell powerless to his side.—Chicago Rambler.

—"I've gone about as high in masonry as anybody can," said a laborer. "Is that so, how high have you gone?" "Well, I worked on the top of the Washington monument as a mason." "Well, that's not taking any degrees in masonry." "It isn't, eh? Well, you'd a thought it if you'd been there, with the thermometer at thirty-three degrees below. I took all the degrees I care to now."—Chicago Ledger.



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## SEED CORN.

Why and When Every Good Husbandman Should Select His Own Seed.

What a man sows he reaps. The selection of seed is, therefore, of the highest importance to the farmer who wants to reap the best and the most as a recompense for his labor. Labor is thrown away on worthless material. A man may spend as much skill and pains in carving a medalion out of a piece of sandstone or soft slate as he might out of a hard, beautiful onyx or the purest alabaster, and at the end he has only trash that is worthless and disagreeable to show for it. So a man may crib his corn in a few weeks, and in the spring, from a mass of moldy and refuse ears, he may hastily gather seed for the next crop, but if he expects a good and abundant yield from it he will be sorely mistaken.

The enormous losses which have fallen upon farmers the past few years through the use of inferior seed have wrought damage to the extent of millions of dollars; some farmers lost nearly their whole crop last year and the year before, and thousands lost a large portion of it, and all this might have been prevented by the simple precaution of selecting good sound seed in the fall. There is another fact which should be considered, and that is that corn is susceptible of greater improvement through the selection and use of the best seed than any other plant grown upon farms, and at the same time this plant can be better improved by using home grown seed than that procured at great cost from a distance. There are many wise and thoughtful farmers who have been saving seed from their best plants for many years—twenty, forty and some for fifty years—and their reputations for growing good corn and large crops have made them the seedsmen of their localities. Farmers who might have done the same for themselves have paid four or five prices for seed grown by these neighbors. Perhaps this common neglect is a necessary condition to establish the truth of the proverb that "the hand of the diligent maketh rich," but at any rate the result justifies the saying. This self-inflicted tax paid to the diligent seed gatherer might be spared and the public wealth increased by a hundred million dollars if every farmer would early begin the work of selecting seed corn, and hereafter take special pains to cultivate the crops grown from it so as to improve the grain in every possible way. And just here we would deprecate as strongly as possible the so-called experiments of some agricultural experiment stations, the object of which has been to try to show that moldy, half-ripened, shriveled corn would grow and produce a crop. What is the possible use of such an experiment? It may serve to encourage a thriftless farmer in neglecting the plainest precaution and duty, and so injure the interests which should be helped and encouraged by these stations, but no reasonable man would ever act upon such a suggestion. Besides, it is not true. It is an apparent impossibility that a grain of corn deficient in substance can bear a germ of sufficient vital strength to reproduce the original quality of seed. If it were otherwise, then all the claimed results of breeders from the excellent care and cultivation of a race of cattle and the selection of the best dams and sires would be falsified, and the poorest half-starved scrub might be used as the progenitor of a superior progeny. "As a man sows so shall he reap."

Then the farmer intent upon improving his corn will go into the field as the ears are ripening and select those plants which most nearly meet his ideal of what the best corn should be—plants with moderately sized and well-leaved stalks which bear two ears, both well filled out and sound, and the earliest ripe—and from these plants he will choose the upper ear for seed, and mark the stalk by tying a colored strip around the top of it. Or as soon as he becomes expert and can select these stalks as he goes along in cutting the crop he leaves them standing until the rest is all down and these ears are ripe and dry, and then proceeds to save them in the best manner. If there is but one good ear on a stalk it may be saved, but as multiple earing is very desirable we would choose a less attractive ear from a twin-bearing stalk in preference to a single ear. But the top ear should always be taken because it is the earliest.

## HORN SICKNESS.

A Disease of the Blood Which Demands Prompt and Decided Action.

Years ago a notion prevailed among stockmen that when the horns of a sick animal were cold at the base it was indicative of some disease of the horn, the nature of which no one professed to understand. Horn ail, according to Teller, is now understood to be a special diseased condition of the blood, in which there is either a deficiency in the amount of blood in the body or a diminution of some of its important constituents, especially the red blood corpuscles. Such condition may follow an attack of any acute disease where recovery is slow and partial, but generally results from poor or insufficient food, exposure and neglect, foul air, lack of cleanliness and other necessary conditions of health. The food may be abundant in quantity, but contain an excess of water and a deficiency of solid matter. An exclusive feed of roots or of green food growing on damp soils, or the persistent use of a single variety of food, sometimes results in this depraved condition of the blood. The symptoms are those of great debility. The animal is thin in flesh and hide bound, often lousy, with hair standing straight out from the body or turned toward the head. The appetite is ravenous or irregular; the bowels either constipated or too loose, generally the latter; the faces are very fetid and accompanied with gas. The pulse is feeble and the animal easily fatigued.

The lining membrane of the mouth is unusually pale and the horns colder than natural, sometimes almost as cold as those of a dead animal. It is this condition which gives the disease its name, and the ignorant cow doctor, with no knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the animal, imagines the disease confined to the horns, which, under his treatment, will either be bored with a gimlet and turpentine squirted into the orifice, or an active plaster will be applied to the head at their base, which, as the temperature results from a low condition of the blood, can have no beneficial effect. Later symptoms of the disease are swellings under the jaws and about the navel, also dropsy of the belly. The cause of the disease being understood, common sense will suggest that the first thing to do in the way of treatment is to see that the animal is well fed, comfortably housed and kept perfectly clean. The food should be of the best quality, given in small quantities and often. If lousy apply Persian insect powder thoroughly three or four times every other day. Give from one pint to one quart of linseed oil, varying the quantity to correspond to the size of the animal. If the animal suffers constantly from diarrhoea, give powdered chalk one ounce and bisulphate of soda one ounce, three times a day, mixed in feed. If this does not produce a favorable effect, mix oil of turpentine one-third of an ounce and laudanum one-third of an ounce with three raw eggs, beat all together in a pint of warm water, and give at once. From two to three doses a day should be given, according to the severity of the case, until the desired effect is produced. After which get a druggist to mix thoroughly-powdered sulphate of iron two ounces, powdered nuxvomica one ounce, and powdered gentian one ounce. Divide into seven powders and give one every night in meal or other feed until all are used, then omit one week, after which repeat the powders until seven more are given. This treatment will effect a cure without boring the horns.—N. Y. Herald.

## ELEGANT TOILETTES.

Some of the Materials Considered Common if Fast for Fall and Winter.

Buckles, clasps, slides, and hooks in gold, silver, steel, bronze, enamel, pearl, amber and jet are used with a free hand this autumn both for dress and millinery purposes. These various ornaments, in all manner of odd, quaint devices, often represent nothing but the vagaries of the designer's imagination. Antique gold belt clasps, with dog-collar ornaments to match, set with brilliant Rhine stones, or ornaments for a like purpose made of iridescent enamel, inlaid with half-precious colored gems in floral patterns, are added to many of the elegant costumes of silk and satin, and also to handsome tailor-made suits of rich hued tricot or boucle fabrics. With the new fashion of loose Fedora vests, to wear beneath pretty house jackets, no buttons are visible, and the full-gathered fronts are caught at the belt with ribbons, and held with these fancy clasps, one large one or two smaller sizes, as preferred.

Some of the elegant fancy woolen fabrics brought out recently are as expensive as silk or satin goods of the quality, and are far more popular for street wear than either of these materials, if we except, perhaps, the dark durable surahs. The new vigornes, for instance, are shown with exceedingly rich broche figures, small, but magnificently colored, over plain, rich, darkly dyed grounds. The broche designs, although showing a mingling of Persian colors, are always in perfect harmony with the prevailing shade of the goods they decorate, reminding one of the autumn foliage, a trifle subdued from its first vivid brilliancy of coloring, against the background of a dull, dark September sky. These rich figures are not woven in clusters, but detached and sprinkled at quite wide intervals over the soft, handsomely finished fabrics.

This is to be a "checked" season in the matter of woolen fabrics, judging by the endless lines and grades of plaided and blocked patterns which strew the counters and adorn the shop-windows of "exclusive" importers, who are sure to secure the leading novelties for their patrons. The new plaids and checks are uncommonly handsome, and there is an absence of the over-brilliant coloring which frequently characterizes these designs. Cream and ruby, olive and doe color, dark blue and deep crimson (the fashionable "Princess of Wales" combination), and an artistic shading of a single color merely outlined at the edges of each plaid, with hair lines of a contrasting hue, are among the many patterns displayed. Long, full drapings, laid in heavy flat folds at one side, or down each side of the front of the dress, is the popular and stylish mode of arranging the skirts to these. Velvet is used as a garniture upon checked and plaided suits in preference to other trimmings, and very frequently the dress, wrap in the shape of Gladstone jacket, or long French pelisse, and the princess bonnet are made to correspond.

The new double skirts are likely to become general as the season passes, and the fashion is eminently calculated for the heavy woolen materials which form so large a part of cold-weather attire. The double skirt increases the warmth of the gown, and does away with complicated drapery. Upon some models these skirts are cut of nearly equal length, and are set into rather short-waisted but pointed bodices in thick gathers or heavy folds. The upper skirt is faced up for a considerable distance, with a contrasting color. It is then caught up high on one side or on both sides—a la milkmaid—as taste suggests. The bright facing is intended to be shown, and this color is repeated on the waistcoat and upon the collar and cuff facings.—N. Y. Post.

## Contagion by Mail.

The Watertown (N. Y.) Times gives the case of a little girl who was dying with scarlet fever. She sent a "dying kiss" to a little friend, which was imprinted on a letter and a circle drawn around the kissed spot. The "little friend" kissed the spot when the letter was received and shortly afterward became a victim to the disease. It was the only case in the place, and her physician believes the affection was communicated through the mails.